

# *Sketch*

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## Midnight: Sentiments

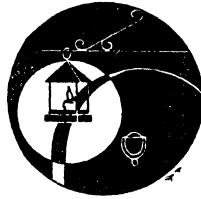
Margaret E. Larsen\*

\*Iowa State College

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Outside in the street a bus ground by. The clock on my desk began ticking again. I heard the soft slap of cards in the next room.

With a sigh I looked down at the open pamphlet in my lap. A picture titled, "Geneva; the Quai Wilson from the lake at night," caught my eye. I closed it, let it slide through my fingers to the floor, and got up. I stood before my mirror for a moment, and then began to comb my hair. It was almost dinner time.



## Midnight Sentiments

Margaret Elaine Larsen

OH FOR THE LUXURY of dropping off  
To sleep between crisp, freshly-ironed sheets!  
To know that as I snuggle into bed  
And pull the downy blankets close around  
My throat, tomorrow's lessons are prepared,  
Tucked in a far-off corner of my brain  
To be forgotten for some nine or ten  
Delicious hours.  
To have clean sheets, and cool pajamas, too.  
To sink my face in pillows rich with scent  
Of sun-filled air—and faintly hear the sough  
Of wind among tall trees—to lull myself  
With tiny bits of song, and then recall  
Some little thing that you have said today—  
The way you smiled—until I lose myself  
In sleep . . . and dreams . . .